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**JULY CIRCULATION**  
Daily.  
The number of complete and perfect copies of The Washington Times printed daily during the month of July was as follows:  
1. 62,401  
2. 62,401  
3. 62,401  
4. 62,401  
5. 62,401  
6. 62,401  
7. 62,401  
8. 62,401  
9. 62,401  
10. 62,401  
11. 62,401  
12. 62,401  
Total for month: 748,812  
Daily average for month: 62,401

Sunday.  
The number of complete and perfect copies of The Washington Times printed Sundays during the month of July was as follows:  
1. 46,206  
2. 46,206  
3. 46,206  
4. 46,206  
5. 46,206  
6. 46,206  
7. 46,206  
8. 46,206  
9. 46,206  
10. 46,206  
11. 46,206  
12. 46,206  
Total for month: 554,472  
Sunday average for month: 46,206

The net total circulation of The Washington Times (daily) during the month of July was 1,183,284, all copies left over and returned being eliminated. This number, when divided by 31, the number of days in the month, shows the net daily average for July to have been 38,170.

Entered at the Postoffice at Washington, D. C., as second class matter.

**WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1911.**

Examine your five-spots carefully. There's a phony abroad.

We have laws for a great many things, but not one, apparently, which is sufficiently enough to catch and punish the stray cat.

All the world loves a lover and the District takes a special interest in the marriage of Aviator Paul Peck, which took place yesterday.

If John Lewis Smith isn't elected commander-in-chief of the United Spanish War Veterans this afternoon, some very promising signs will have failed.

Congress was so glad to get away that it dispensed with the usual concert and horseplay. "The shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb."

It will look like the old pioneer days when the members of the Alexandria Light Infantry and the Osceola Tribe of Red Men engage in their sham battle.

The membership committee of the Chamber of Commerce will meet tomorrow, and it is hoped there will be a large number of names to be acted upon.

The sentiment seems to be that there is no way to keep the flames of Beniah Elford out of Washington so long as they are not too flimsy in the matter of costume.

Better try not to get sick for the next few days. Most of the doctors have gone to the thirty-third annual convention of the National Medical Association at Hampton, Va.

The seventy-seventh anniversary of the birth of Prof. Langley could not have been more fittingly celebrated than by that flight of a mile-a-minute in an aeroplane within sight of the labors of the distinguished scientist and inventor.

Henry Trine, the oldest Odd Fellow in the District, had been a member of the order for sixty-three years when he died at his home on Third street, yesterday, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

Washington children will stand a better chance of being able to walk in the straight and narrow path when their bow-legs are operated upon. The surgeons say it can be done successfully, and will improve their conduct.

It is to be expected that the F street parade will take fresh lease on life next week, for the middies are back from their cruise and leave begins on Monday, and they are "just too cute," especially turned as they are now and with their "sea legs" still with them.

The Chamber of Commerce's scheme to get publicity for Washington through the moving picture medium ought to do something toward arousing popular interest in the National Capital, but that means will hardly be efficient in the campaign for more rich residents.

Washington will welcome as a new resident former Senator Nelson W. Aldrich. It is also pleasing to know that Col. Robert M. Thompson has decided to remain here for some years. It is to be hoped that they will join the Chamber of Commerce and Board of Trade.

The English sparrow has also had to adjourn. His nest in the eaves of the various public buildings is being swept away by the authorities, and while there may be no sensible decrease in the number of the pests when summer comes again, we shall at least get partial relief for a few months.

The death of the widow of S. S. Cox is sincerely mourned by a large circle of friends among whom are many who were also friends of her distinguished husband. "Sunset" Cox won high distinction in public life, and did a noble work for the improvement of the civil service. His widow found congenial diversion in zealously carrying on the work which he began.

The departure of Bishop Morrison from the camp meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, at Great Falls, causes general regret. His sermons have been strong features of the services there. The Methodists are trying to console themselves with the expectation that Bishop E. E. Hoss, of Nashville, will be with them next Sunday.

W. C. Hibbs, private secretary of Commissioner Rudolph, is tramping

through the valley of Virginia with Leonard Brown, of the McKinley Manual Training School. Mr. Hibbs is one of the most experienced walkers of the District, and he expects this trip, made with a hearty athlete, to be one of his pleasantest. They will make twenty-five to thirty miles a day, which Mr. Hibbs considers a pleasant jaunt.

**ROOSEVELT, TAFT, AND LEGISLATION.**

In 1905, Theodore Roosevelt as President demanded of an unwilling Congress the enactment of a long program of progressive laws. Congress met in December that year, and continued in session about seven months. When it adjourned it was with the record of passing more strong, progressive legislation than any other session in twenty years. The most important accomplishment was the Hepburn act.

That was the accomplishment of a vigorous, aggressive, fighting President. Roosevelt had to deal with a Cannon-controlled House and an Aldrich-organized Senate.

The powers were against him. The most powerful machines of toyism that ever dominated the two houses were in the height of their power.

Yet a President who meant business, and knew how to appeal to public sentiment for support, terrorized that reactionary Congress into giving him what he wanted.

Five years passed. The country became more progressive with every year. Its demand for accomplishment, its willingness to uphold the hands of a fighting President, was immeasurably greater.

The Cannon machine had been overthrown in the House; the Aldrich hierarchy was only a memory in the Senate. Everything was auspicious for a session of great accomplishment.

The Democrats controlled the House, the Republicans the Senate. They were trained to the minute for a footrace of progressivism, with popular favor and the Presidential award as prizes.

Thus matters stood when in April last Congress convened for the special session which ends today.

The country had declared for tariff revision, and was reconciled to the idea; wanted it over as soon as possible, and a chance to get back to a basis of business assurance and confidence.

Everything pointed to a session of unparalleled accomplishment; everything save the fact that Roosevelt was no longer President.

Congress was willing, and it presently proved itself capable. It passed the reciprocity measure; it revised a large part of the tariff, including the most difficult and objectionable schedules. But when the work was done the President vetoed its results. A session of monumental accomplishment was turned into a season of ineffectual turmoil, to the embarrassment of business and the disgust of the public.

That is the summary of the extra session's history. Congress will be blamed by unthinking people for the paucity of results, but Congress ought not to be blamed. Congress has advanced a long way toward the capacity to represent actual public opinion, since the great Roosevelt session of 1906.

But Congress could not quite overcome the obstacle interposed at the White House.

To appraise the present national Administration, or to judge the influence which the Executive wields over legislation, no more effective presentation can be made than this parallel between Roosevelt, extorting results from an unwilling Congress, and Taft, killing the product of a Congress that honestly wanted to do things.

**JUST A FEW TEARS FOR THE DEPARTED.**

The leaden hours have brought the Great So-Long, and the peace which passeth understanding now hovers over Capitol Hill. From the groined arches of the lonely dome a casual footfall awakens the only echo; the spider spins his wispy filaments in the forum where sophistry wove its web. There's a strange tranquillity along the Potomac, and few are the jimsinglers along the asphalted Avenue. The hoot-owl at the Zoo wakes and wonders at his voiceless environment; the languid Record is responding to the last "leave to print;" all sights and sounds which speak of statesmanship have entered into the Kingdom of Rest.

The first canto of the Sixty-second national epic has not yielded any great number of immortal lines. For the most part it has been what the moody but candid Dane called "Words, words, words!" The solid result of the intermittent efforts in behalf of the District, for example, would fill a very small brochure which even the most law-abiding citizen need not commit to memory. The dreary hours spent over "the dismal science" of tariff merely repeated the nursery jingle of the King of France and his fruitless march.

And yet let it not be told in Buncombe; publish it not in "Possum Trot." The new member who came equipped "the applause of listening senates to command" got away with the bluff and added his make-weight to the business of the Postoffice Department. The Silver Cornet Band even now is headed for the depot, note-perfect in "Hail to the Chief!" and similar arias of triumph. Three hundred and ninety-

one Representatives and ninety-one Senators—not counting Hoke Smith—have separately and individually saved the nation, at great personal sacrifice.

It seems odd hereabout, and it will take us until December to become accustomed to this sense of vacancy. The footfall will tarnish for lack of use; the mint bed will degenerate into a rank, luxurious growth. The hostilities and pruneries will miss his generous reach; the bell-hop will doze in tipless ennui over Vol. 989 of "Old Sleuth."

For three months must we be desolate, but in time to reach here for the Christmas adjournment they will be with us once again. The cheery voice, the cordial pressure of the hand, the life and color which make the Federal Capital what it is when the signal light burns on the dome will be here to put a new song on our lips, a new hope in the country's hearts.

**THE DEMOCRATIC PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT.**

The fight for control of the Democratic national convention of next year will take on a new form from the day of the organization of the Democratic Federation of Precinct Clubs. By whatever name, and with whatever declaration of purposes, this organization must be accepted as hostile to the nomination of Judson Harmon. Senator Owen, the prime mover, says it is committed to no man's candidacy, but insists on a progressive. That is the generalization indulged nowadays by all Democrats who want to oppose Harmon.

This organization designs to concern itself about the platform which shall be adopted by the national convention, and that is a highly commendable purpose. In recent years national political platforms have come to be vastly more important than ever before, because it is well nigh axiomatic that the sum of demands and pledges made by the platform of the victorious party is just about the total of possible achievement during the four years of its control at the White House.

Political platforms have indeed fallen into disrepute because they commonly promise a good deal more than is accomplished. They need to be restored to public confidence and usefulness. They will not be so restored until their making shall become a more serious business than in the recent past. There is too much machinery, too much manipulation, too much bossing by the big politicians, too much star-chamber business about making platforms. Nobody gets much excited about the selection of each State's member of the resolutions committee. The men who will do that vastly most important work of the convention are selected with little thought of their studies, fitness, or convictions. When they meet they represent nothing in particular, and the ever-present agents of special plans and interests find it all too easy to impose the pre-digested, cooked-up platitudes which are intended to look one way before election and another after. Platform declarations should be more specific.

It is not necessary to write into the terms of legislation, but it is desirable to state them in terms that will not be subject to misconstruction. The "snake" and the "joker" have too often been present in the skillfully arranged verbiage of political platforms which get adopted with sufficient examination and consideration.

Platforms are going to have a good deal to do with results in 1912, and the political party which conducts a discussion of its platform freely, early, and exhaustively, so that the whole country shall know exactly what it means, what conflicting views have been resolved by its language, what factional divisions have been unmasked, will be stronger before the nation for that open discussion.

It is always easy to get up a fight over the Presidential nomination. Men are easier to discuss than abstract issues. None the less, the issues are entitled to more attention than they commonly get, and the movement that will focus attention on them will do a real service.

**ALL-STEEL CARS PROVING THEIR USEFULNESS.**

There have been several railroad accidents recently that seem to demonstrate the value of the all-steel car as a protection to travelers.

On the Pennsylvania railroad at Fort Wayne one of the fast trains jumped the track, crashing against a freight locomotive. With the ordinary wooden cars one would have looked for a repetition of the distressing railroad wrecks in which many of those not killed in the first impact are caught beneath breaking timbers, pierced with flying splinters, or roasted to death by fire. But surprisingly few persons were injured, taking into consideration the character of the accident.

The large number of deaths on railroads in this country is a great reproach. Safety is sacrificed to speed. Too many Americans will take their chance of getting somewhere in pieces rather than to take a little more time on the road, and too many public service corporations are willing to accommodate this desire for haste at any cost. It is gratifying to note, in behalf of persons who feel more compunctions about a whole skin, the growing disposition of railroads to invest in cars that will stand a good deal of pounding before breaking up.

**"Mona Lisa," the World's Greatest Portrait, Stolen**  
**From Its Place on the Wall of the Great Louvre Gallery**

Paris in an Uproar Over Loss of Its Great Treasure.

**SCAFFOLD USED TO GAIN ACCESS**

Police Searching Every Nook and Corner for the Priceless Work of da Vinci.

The thousands of Americans who have visited and marveled at the art treasures of the Louvre were startled by this morning's cable news that the "Mona Lisa," the masterpiece of da Vinci, and judged by many to be the most beautiful picture ever painted, had been stolen from the place which it occupied on the walls of the famous Salon Carré.

According to officials of the Louvre, the last time that the picture is known positively to have been in its place was on Monday morning at 7 o'clock. Monday being cleaning day, the galleries were closed, and the absence of the picture was not noted by the few persons who passed through the rooms.

The empty frame of the picture was discovered early yesterday on a staircase leading to one of the cloakrooms, and immediately notice was given to the police of Paris of the theft of the Louvre's great treasure.

**Gain Access By Scaffold.**

Access to the gallery where the picture was hung is supposed to have been gained by means of a scaffold which was being used in connection with the institution of an elevator. Pending the further search for the painting the Louvre remains closed to the public, and little or nothing else is being talked about in Paris.

"Mona Lisa" or "La Joconde" is it is often called, has been described by Walter Pater in a passage that is regarded as one of the finest pieces of prose ever written in the English language. He describes the painting as in the truest sense da Vinci's masterpiece, and the most graphic revelation of his mode of thought and work.

"We all know," Pater goes on to say, "the face and hands of the figure, set in its marble chair, in that circle of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under sea. Perhaps of all ancient pictures time has chilled it least."

And then, after speaking of the question of the relationship of an actual Florentine woman to this creature of the artist's thought, Pater writes these sentences, that have entranced lovers of beauty of style ever since "The Renaissance" was first published thirty-eight years ago:

"The presence that thus rose so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Her's is the head upon which all the ends of the world are come, and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and molded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the middle age, with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the pagan world, the sins of the Borgias."

**Older Than The Rocks.**

"She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps her fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange wares with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as St. Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has molded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands."

"Mona Lisa" is a portrait of Madonna Lisa del Giocondo of Florence, third wife of Francesco del Giocondo. It was painted in the course of Leonardo's second Florentine period, 1503-4. The artist spent almost four years on the work, and even then pronounced it unfinished. Soon after the picture was painted it was purchased by King Francis I of France, who was an ardent admirer of Leonardo's work, and afterward appointed him his court painter. Leonardo died in France in 1519.

That "Mona Lisa" is one of the first half dozen pictures in the world is a commonplace; that it is the finest picture in existence has been the opinion of a number of those best competent to judge. It is said that \$500,000 was once offered to the French government for the picture. This may not be true, though the story has frequently been repeated, but it serves as a criterion of the value that is set on this magical little cabinet piece.

**Music In His Studio.**

According to legend the painter kept the wonderful smile hovering round the mouth of Madonna Lisa while he was at work on the picture by having beautiful music continually played in the studio.

The frame from which the picture was removed is a finely carved one of Italian sixteenth century workmanship. The only case in modern times comparable to the theft of "Mona Lisa" is that of Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," which was taken from its frame in the showroom of an art firm in London many years ago, and after a long interval returned to its owner by the late P. F. Sheehy, a well-known American gambler, who acted as intermediary between the picture and the art firm.

The picture was purchased by J. Pierpont Morgan.

**Empty Frame Found on a Staircase of the Gallery.**

**NO TRACE OF THE THIEVES IS FOUND**

Sale of the Picture Would Be Impossible Without Immediate Detection.

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**TIMELY LETTERS TO THE TIMES MAIL BAG**

Readers of The Times are invited to use this department as their own—to write freely and frankly with the assurance that no letter not objectionable in language will be denied publication. Letters must not, however, exceed 200 words in length, and must be written only on one side of the paper. Letters must bear the names and addresses of the writers, as evidence of good faith, but the names will not be made public without the consent of the contributors. Address MAIL BAG EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

**HAS SEEN THE GROWTH OF SOCIALISM**

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

There have been several letters printed recently in The Times regarding socialism. I would be pleased to have you give me a little space to show what the people of the North think of socialism. I am a farmer and live in the farming district of northern Ohio where I lived, there was not a socialist to be found among the farmers and only one here and there in the cities, and a socialist meeting was unheard of in the country. Today it is different. While on a vacation to my old home this year I found a great many of the farmers—possibly one-third of them—and many of which own large farms, in favor of government ownership of railroads, telephone, and telegraph, and other public utilities, and also in favor of the initiative, referendum, and recall.

In the towns and cities socialism is even more strong and nearly all of the small towns and cities conduct schools for educating any one who may care to learn along the line of socialism. What the socialists most desire is to educate the people, and their teachers are often the principals or superintendents of the city high school system or college professors. There are also many rich people that see the advantages of socialism over the present one-sided party system which is in favor of the money class only.

Socialism is gaining in strength every day and the next election is going to show up thousands more than ever before what the socialist desire most is to educate the people and they are fortunate indeed to get into the colleges where the weak points will be strengthened and pushed onward and upward. Let the nation own the trusts and not the trusts own the nation as at present.

J. C. HAWKINS.  
Hyattsville, Md.

**BEULAH ALL RIGHT WITH HER CLOTHES ON**

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

The "clergy" are foolishly wrought over the project to exhibit Beulah Blanford in moving picture theaters. If Beulah keeps her clothes on, her girl figure and childish innocence would be more pleasing to look at than are the reproduction of bull fights and brutal Roman scenes from the days of Brutus. If the so-called clergy had learnt the true Gospel and preached it, they would not be denouncing in "vitriolic" terms an unguiled, wayward child who doesn't know enough to set out of jail, and who, doubtless, has an easier conscience and less to account for than her traducers. If these devout gentlemen would do good they might investigate her case and constitutional rights and procure damages for false imprisonment that would enable this girl to live without selling herself, soul and body.

As to theaters, we have no use for any kind whatever. We get the best mental "ozone" and variety from nature, and from Scripture studies, and from fellowship with those of the same mind. If the clergy has no Gospel, no saving grace for the wayward they

should reserve their "spit" to vent on themselves in the Day of Wrath approaching.

L. D. BARNES.

**KNOWS WILEY WELL; ESTEEMS HIM HIGHLY**

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

The writer is a daily reader of your paper.

With pleasure I wish to thank you from my heart for taking the part of Dr. Wiley, who certainly deserves all the credit for taking care of the public interest. While explaining all the details about Attorney General Wickersham, you have not gone, or else did not like to go, into more effective details. All the public is well aware of the work being done by Dr. Wiley, and he should receive support by every single citizen in this country. I have worked for him for a good many years, and must judge him as a reliable worker and friend of all human beings. I trust you will do all you can.

HABERNITZ.

**"A GAME OF CARDS"**  
WRITTEN BY IRONQUILL

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

In justice to the late Eugene F. Ware ("Ironquill"), I desire to inform you that he is the author of the poem entitled "A Game of Cards," published in the last edition of your paper August 21, and which you credited to Lincoln Frank Turner, U. S. A. You will find the poem on page 119 of "Some of the Rhymes of Ironquill," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons in 1908.

C. S. RICE, M. D.

**CULTIVATION OF TEA IN SOUTH CAROLINA**

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

The cultivation and manufacture of tea on a commercial scale has been practically demonstrated, in co-operation with the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture, by Dr. Charles U. Sheppard, who is now special agent for the department in charge of tea culture investigations at the Pinehurst estate, near Summerville, S. C., where about 200 acres have been planted to tea, of which the area in bearing yields about 12,000 pounds of dry tea each year.

It has been abundantly established at Pinehurst, that at least in certain sections of the South, American-grown tea can hold its own against the imported article. A widespread tea industry awaits the same advantages that are now enjoyed by the sugar, tobacco, and other protected crops. It is possible to save to this country from ten to fifteen million dollars annually that now goes abroad for foreign teas, a large part of which sum would be earned by needy women and children, working under healthy conditions, and a large area of now idle and abandoned lands might be reclaimed.

The history of tea culture in the United States is interesting. A little over 100 years ago the French botanist Michaux planted the first tea in this country, near Charleston, S. C. Dr. Julius Smith planted tea on his estate near Greenville, S. C., in 1848, but he died soon afterward, and his plants, deprived of protection, soon disappeared. The United States Government, in 1858, sent Robert Fortune to China to obtain seeds for experimental purposes. In 1880, John Jackson, who had been a tea planter for fourteen years in India, conducted experiments in Liberty county, Ga., for the Government. Later these gardens were removed to Summerville, where the experiments were finally abandoned because of the illness of Jackson. Ten years ago Dr. Sheppard resumed the work in a private capacity. He is the first man in the United States to successfully cultivate tea for commercial purposes.

JOSEPH P. WATKINS.  
Savannah, Ga.

**"READER" ENJOYS EDITORIALS IN TIMES**

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

Your editorial page today is full of interesting and sound matter. No other paper here can come up to The Times' editorials. Congratulations.

A READER.

**ARMY AND NAVY ORDERS**

**ARMY.**

First Lieutenant WILLIAM O. CUTLIFE, Medical Reserve Corps, Fort McIntosh, to Fort Lawton.

Colonel GEORGE E. BUSHNELL, Medical Corps, to represent Medical Department at annual meeting of New Mexico Society for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, Las Vegas, New Mexico, September 6 to 9.

**NAVY.**

Rear Admiral B. A. FISKE, commissioned on August 3.

Lieutenant C. A. RICHARDS, from Tennessee, to home and wait orders.

Ensign W. W. SMITH, from navy rifle team and leave one month.

Midshipman F. L. RIEFKOHL, from Maine, to the Florida.

Lieutenant R. L. IRVINE, from Yorktown, to home and wait orders.

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